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If The Cookie Man Could...



thriller

humor

cookie

28 1 4

Chapter 1 by intellikat

He sat across from me on the leather couch. I watched as his chest heaved with anticipation and his sugared mouth moved up and down as he tried to find the words to speak.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



"Where...where can I get more of that stuff?" he finally heaved, begging for a response. I smiled, wagging a little baggy of pure sugar in front of my new client.

"Right here, my friend. For a price of course..."

He frowned. "But I have nothing to offer."

"Well," I shrugged, "this couch is pretty nice."

He considered for a moment. "It's a deal."

I smiled as my hired protection lugged the couch out and attached it to my car. The first high would never be as good, but he didn't need to know that. Besides, no matter what, he'd be

begging for more even if his teeth fall out and his ears went deaf. It was no concern to me what quality of mental state he was in as long as he was asking for more.

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